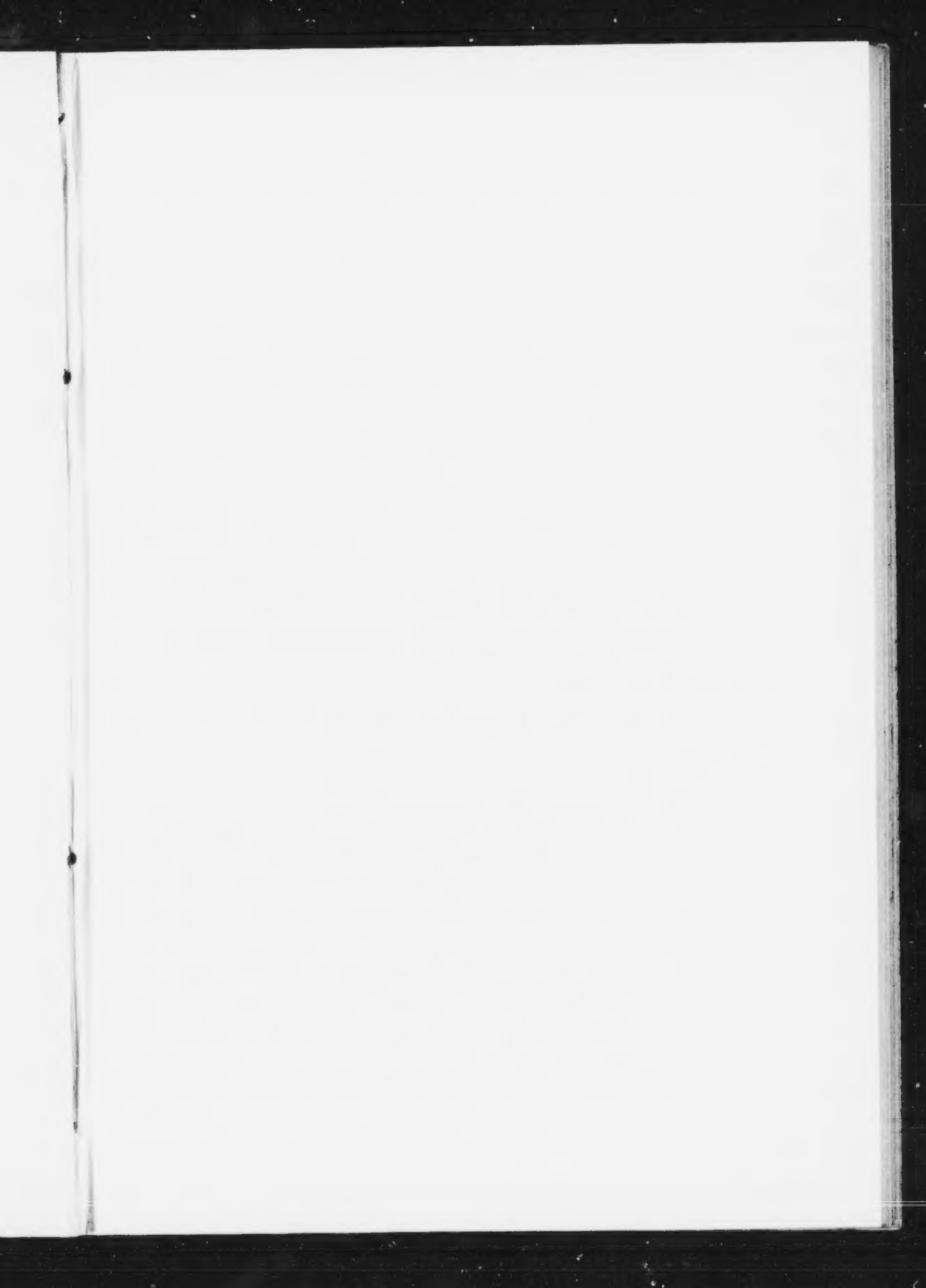


A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN
SHORT POEMS BY THORNAPPLE







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A Glimpse into My Garden

Short Poems by
Thornapple



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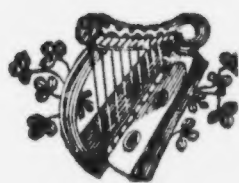
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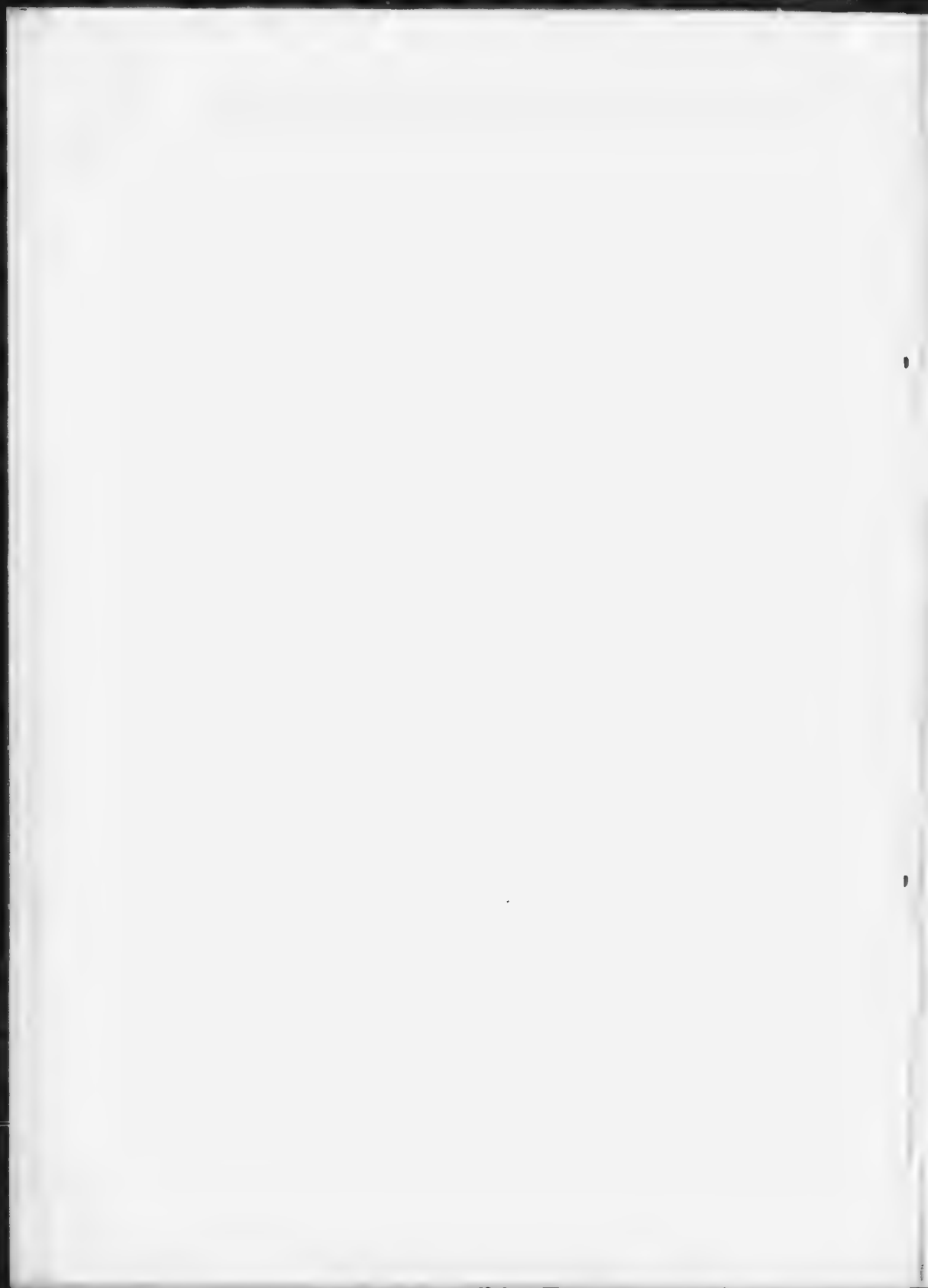
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY
INSCRIBED

TO E. PAULINE JOHNSON,
POET AND JOURNALIST, TO
WHOM I AM INDEBTED
FOR MUCH HELPFUL
COUNSEL.



*If I were a bird
I'd warble to you
The while you were reading
This whole book through.
I'd warble so sweetly
You'd drop your head,
And think there was sweetness
In what you read.*

*If I were a harp
My whispering strings
Would breathe through your window
Immortal things.
You'd listen, and, yearning
For what they breathed,
Would think 't was the spirit
My verses sheathed.*



INTRODUCTION

In letting these, my brain children, go out into the world to fight for themselves, my pulse quickens, and I feel constrained to say "Be kind to them." The feet of the early ones falter, and the young thoughts grope for light, but bear with them—they are precursors only of better things.

A few friends have thought that the later poems were from experience, but it must be confessed that, with the exception of "Canada's men" and one or two minor productions, they are of the imagination only. Those from page 51 to page 84 were published a year and a-half ago in a little booklet, "Gathered from my garden," and presented to a few friends. Others have appeared in different publications, and still others are given here for the first time. The verses at the

back of the book are published merely to make up the requisite one hundred pages, and should not be judged by the standard accorded the poems in the opening pages. If, however, they should draw a smile from any weary face, or make a rift for an hour in a too-clouded sky, "A glimpse into my garden" will not have been in vain.

THORNAPPLE.



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A Glimpse into My Garden

THE INVITATION

Come, walk a while in my garden,
And gather the grasses there ;
With old fashioned roses and mignonette
There are mosses and maidenhair.

Sweet William grows in my garden,
Sweet Mary and Black-eyed Sue ;
But guarding them all is the Thornapple
tree,
And I care for it not—do you ?

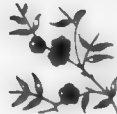
At first in sweetest contentment
It lived 'neath the garden wall,
But grew till its arms reached waving above
At the world and its clarion call.

Then all the tempests came beating
Upon its unguarded head,
And hammered it into this stern old thing.
Do you wonder the bluebirds fled ?

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

But come and walk in my garden,
The flowers are meant for all ;
And never a thought give the Thornapple
tree
Standing close by the garden wall.

December 14, 1902.



THE OLD ROSE GARDEN

A POEM IN PROSE

*Written especially for the use of Miss Josephine
McArthur*

Oh, the old rose garden! It was nestled among orchards of fragrant apple trees and beside a meadow of nodding clover. The rich red roses clung to the hidden trellis and the dear, homely old fence, while the white moss roses raised their immaculate heads from a bed of mignonette and drooping violet leaves. The jealous yellow beauties grew proudly aloof from their pale pink and blushing rose sisters, haughty that the warm kisses of the sun had made them, and only them, into miniature suns on earth. Soft green grass spread like a carpet to the feet of the climbing rose bushes and to the stems

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

of each tender violet plant, and grew softer under the sheltering branches of the giant maples. And the smile of God fell gently over all. There was a half hidden trunk of a once beautiful oak beneath the vines that covered one side of the home set in the garden, and there I used to sit and dream. I dreamed of you, dear heart, although I had not found you yet. And sometimes a woman's voice, rich and full with the poetry of sorrow, would seem to float to me from the distance, and tell me it was mine. I felt the voice, and I felt the green grass and the beautiful flowers; I felt the fragrant clover and the tender blue sky; but I knew not it was poetry. I knew not that the angel of poetry had made me capable of a great and beautiful love. Then you came. And you told me, dear heart, all that I have learned in the long years since you passed to the Great Beyond. And I have learned that it is better to have loved and lost than never

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

to have loved: only I cannot lose. I know I have yet what you gave me when I looked first into your grave gray eyes; I shall have it always. And when I grow tired and soul weary of the great sordid, selfish world; when I have failed to touch the Cross, at whose feet you and I, dear heart, clasped hands and loved; I go back in fancy to my rose garden nestling among the trees and clinging vines, and I think once more of the time when you came to me. Then my soul grows calm, and I feel once more the blessing of poetry, love and sorrow; but above all the love that made poetry richer and fuller; that showed me the mysteries of life; and giving me itself the one great sorrow, gave it beneath the shadow of Judean palms.

September 8, 1902.

ALONE WITH THEE

The dearest thing on earth to me
Oh, far more dear than fame's broad
crest--

Is just to be alone with thee--
Alone with thee, so I can rest.

Alone with thee! Perhaps thy hand
Will rest again upon my own;
And we will let the silence speak
'T will do it best when we're alone.

It may be at the sunset hour
When sacred stillness fills the air,
Thy spirit will go forth to mine,
And mine will clasp and hold it there.

Or when the sky is darkly blue,
And opal stars hang sparkling down,
Thy spirit from thy trembling lips
Will come and find its weightless
crown.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Nay, even now it comes to me
And tells me it is mine for aye ;
And so a peace creeps round my heart--
A peace as though I knelt to pray.

And I would pray : O ever thus,
If earthly parting still must be,
May thy loved spirit rest with mine--
So I shall rest, dear heart, with thee.

January 16, 1903.



MY SPIRIT

Lash, lash, ye inanimate trees !
Lightning, burst from your sheath !
My spirit is lashing within —
What a calm to live beneath !

Ye thunderings, rage from the sky —
Crash from east unto west !
My spirit is lashing within —
'T is a time for none to rest !

Belch, belch from your caverns, ye winds !
Tempest, jump on the sea !
My spirit is lashing within —
Let the elements lash with me !

December 3, 1877

CANADA'S MEN

*At Klip Hartz River, South Africa, March 31,
1902, when 70 men belonging to the 2nd
Canadian Mounted Rifles and Mounted
Infantry held the flank of the main British
army for more than two hours against
over 600 Boers, who had the advantage of
position.*

Brave and strong were Canada's men —
 strong as the rocks around them !
And low they knelt,
For stretching veldt
Could give them the only shield they felt,
 And close was the foe that bound them.
Alone they lay, and they knew that day
Their blood would flow in a stream away,
And that when they fell
No funeral bell
Could tell by its swinging that all was well.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Brave and strong were Canada's men
Guarding the guns that thundered—
And stern they grew,
For well they knew
That seventy men were all too few
To conquer a grim six hundred.
Then one man fell and another fell
Beneath a deluge of shot and shell;
And their jaws were set,
And their breasts were wet,
But 't was time to surrender—not yet!
not yet!

Back they drove the treacherous foe—
Back to the trees for cover;
But sky and plain
And crimson stain
Were all the relief for nerve and brain
Of Canada's fighting lover.
Then one more fell, and another fell
Beneath the enemy's shot and shell;
But with foreheads wet,
And with lips firm set,
They plead to surrender—not yet! not
yet!

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Red with blood an hour wore on,
 Only the powder speaking ;
And our men grew gray,
But they kept at bay,
Though half of their men wide staring lay,
 The foe with its rifles reeking.
But still they fell, and still they fell
Beneath the deluge of shot and shell ;
And through steaming sweat
Every grim face set—
'T was time to surrender—not yet! not
 yet!

On they fought—a pitiful few !
 Praise to the land that bore them !
And when they dropped
Not a comrade stopped
They must hold their own on the veldt
 smoke-topped
 To the right, to the left and before
 them.
But still they fell, and still they fell,
Till two were left for the shot and shell,
But their lips were set,

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And their black brows met—
'T was time to surrender—not yet! not
yet!

The air was hot with powder and shot—
Screaming, the shells fell round
them:

But the two fought on—
Oh, the two fought on,
Though under the smoke their cheeks
were wan—

The enemy's force still bound them.
Then the first one fell, and the last one
fell

Beneath the merciless shot and shell;
And their eyes were set,
And their blood was wet,
But they had surrendered—not yet! not
yet!

December 2, 1902

MARION

Dedicated to Miss Marion Hope Nelson

Angels guard her while she sleeps—
Marion, with her soft gray eyes ;
With thy wings her dark hair waving
Gently as a zephyr sighs.

Tell her, tell her if she wakes,
What her heart's love is to me !
Tell her I am weary, weary,
Thinking of what cannot be.

If her eyes should darken then,
Slowly, as with growing pain,
Brush her eyelids, oh so gently,
That my love may sleep again.

Give her dreams of crystal rivers
Sparkling through the livelong day .

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Say, O say not I am weeping
At the parting of our way !

Angels, guard the path between !
Stretch thy wings o'er her and me !
I am weary, weary, weary,
Thinking of what cannot be.

December 1, 1902.



A WAVE O' THE SEA

Oh a wave o' the sea am I,
 Splashing and foaming ;
Under the boundless sky
 I'm dashing and combing !
Out in the waters free
Come, and cavort with me !

Oh come, little boy o' mine,
 Laughing and sighing !
Under the rocking brine
 Your father is lying.
Out to the pathless sea—
Come, you were meant for me !

There's a boat on the beach of foam
 Calling and swaying.
What if your mother at home
 Is sobbing and praying ?
Out to the tumbling sea !
Ha ! you were meant for me.

September, 1902.

DOROTHY

She was just on the border of Babyland--
Dear little Dorothy, dreamy-eyed ;
Treading the way we all have come,
Damped by the splash of the silver
tide.

It was over the meadow the fairies danced,
Calling to Dorothy, wonder stayed ;
Telling her how the plum tree grew
Over the place where the brownies
played.

And away up the tree was a red banshee
Screaming to bad little girls—oo-oo !
Only when you were good that day
'T wasn't the scream that was meant
for you.

But when it was night and the lights
were out !

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Oh ! when the lights were out in the
room !

Dorothy lay in her lone white bed
And covered the bedclothes over her head :
The faces were purple and black and red
When it was night in Dorothy's room.

But the morning came, and the fleeing
night

Carried the faces so far away
Dorothy danced in the daisy field,
Bringing the fairies all out to play.

They were under the daisies' snowy frills
Peeping and kissing their finger tips,
Making the dimples come and go
Close to the corners of Dorothy's lips.

They told her the tones of the elfin band--
Dorothy laughed in the very way ;
Oh, what a merry time they had
Out in the daisies the livelong day !

But when it was night and the lights were
out !

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Oh ! when the lights were out in the
room !

Dorothy lay in her lone white bed
And covered the bedclothes over her head :
The faces were purple and black and red
When it was night in Dorothy's room.

December 30, 1902



MY LULLABY

Rock-a-bye, brain o' mine !
So runs the monoline,
Making my thoughts divine
 Chaos and void.
I hear a space and lead
Now ticking in my head—
Dearest, what's that you said ?
 I'm not annoyed.

See the old desk o' mine—
Too near the monoline !
Such things I can't divine—
 My tongue is thick.
Why should—a scratching pen—
Keep—at—us mortal—men ?
I'm—going—to sleep—again—
 Tick—tick—a-tick.

January 13, 1903.

TWIXT EBB AND FLOW

Softly, oh softly the roseate Spring
Slept on her white-bearded father's
breast,

And a white fleece blanket lay on her limbs
That always stirred in a vague unrest

"Peacefully sleep, oh my little one, sleep!"
Crooned the old man in a quavering
tone;

And a deep, deep sighing smote on her
ear:

"Ah! do not leave me alone—alone!"

Lightly the eyelids, like soft sea foam,
Swept from their pillows of azure blue;
And the melting, fragrant wave of her
breath

But damped her lip like the morning
dew.

"Father, there waits in the fields afar

A GIRL'S! INTO MY GARDEN

One I have seen in my dreams ere
 to-day

And a sweet girl must lay in the
 But ——— it deep on the old man's
 bosom

Down from the clasp of his feeble arms
 Slipped the warm hand, a pulsing
 warm

But her bare, bare feet grew chilled from
 the touch

The hard old earth in its coldness
 gave

Once to her ears on a frost-tipped wind
 Came the low wail of a dying heart,
But the youth held out his amorous arms,
 And on she went o'er the green mart.

'Roseate Spring, come back! come back!
 Still the sad wail! and she turned
 and fled

To her old, calm sleep deep under the
 down;

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

But when she awoke she was with
the dead.

Over the meadows she stepped again,
Sighing to think of the youth's sad
breast;

But the flow'rs sprang up to drink of her
love,

And all grew warm that her bare feet
pressed.

Murm'ring, the brooklet her light feet
praised;

Warbled the bird to her golden hair;
And the earth threw off its armor of ice,
And showed her only that it was fair.

But over them all, to her waiting ear,
Came a glad cry for her radiant
charms;

And the youth, with heaving, passionate
breast,

Clasped her close in his longing arms.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

What does it matter if things go wrong
Wrong as things can be?
Over and covering everything else
Is the love of you and me.

Dear, were you wounded by what was said
Deep as deep could be?
Never so deep was anything yet
As the love of you and me.

What if the morrow be looming dark
Dark as night, may be?
Height calls to height and deep unto deep
Of the love of you and me.

Ah, there is never a place so hard
Never place can be—
But over and under, through and around
Is the love of you and me.

Much to 12 1

SPRING SONG

The doves are playing,
The robins are singing,
The hawks are flying,
Close to your ear
Wild dog and deer
White peacock and eagle
Dove's whistle

Say it is here

The brook is flowing,
The plump pebbles are peep,
The green leaves are peeping,
On the wing,
Hear the wind's playing,
See the vines are growing,
All of them saying

Look it is spring

PIANISSIMO

I am tired. Let your fingers
 Dwell upon the minor keys.
Let me think of apple blossoms
 And the dreamy drone of bees.

Let me rest; for now, and spite
 Both are tense and tightly drawn.
Play me, play me something, so that
 Like the dreamless sleep of dawn.

Let your fingers go caressing
 Over all the minor keys,
Softly telling of the raindrops
 And a little, oh long, I recall.

Not a melody — they are clever,
 But they breed the clamor to make
 Scotch away our little pictures
 Just as soon as they are caught.

So I wait, rather, that's my plan.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

In its breathing through the keys,
Telling me of soft wood pigeons
And of other things like these

March 15, 1933



THE LITTLE GRAY BIRD

Wot's 'e matter, li'l gway birdie ?
Did oo tumble out oo nest ?
See, oo's dot a dusty spwinklin'
On oo flutter'n, wumpled bweast.
Wot's 'e matter ?
Is I hurtin' ?

Did oo bwuvvers push 'n scwamble
So no edge was lef' fur oo ?
An' oo fought oo'd tumble over
'Cos oo'd nuffin else to do ?
'F I's a birdie
I'd a fighted.

Wy, oo legs is gettin' stwonger,
An' oo eyes is open wide—
Oh ! wot's iss oo fink oo's doin' ?
Oo ain't floppin' on oo side ?
Get up, birdie !
Please be hoppin' !

JOHN P. KROGER VERDIN

Wen oo eyes is half shut, birdie,

Oo ain't pwitty — not a bit!

Birdies ort to keep a peepin'

Wif a funny, teeny twit.

Start a peepin'

Please do, birdie!

Wat's oo tinkin', big way birdie?

Won't oo never flop again?

Jefe oo eyes is still en' solemn,

Like as if oo'd said "Amen."

Did oo, birdie?

Is oo sleepin'?

Guess oo's tired, so I'll leave oo

Sleepin' on is-g-assy hill.

Wen oo's wested oo'll be hoppin',

But des' now oo wants it still.

So I'll leave oo

Wile oo's sleepin'.

May 1, 1913

AWAY FROM HOME

I dreamed of home—of home, sweet home,
Where the sunshine ever fell ;
Where the wild rose grew,
And the moments flew
Like children's steps in a fairy dell.

I dreamed of home with those I loved,
Where the grass grew by the way ;
Where the words were few,
But the smiles were true,
And angels' voices proclaimed the day.

I dreamed of home, and in my heart
Rang a call from all my loves :
The meadows wide
And the mountain side,
And soft canaries and cooing doves

I heard the call of the trailing vines
And the hedges thick and green ;
Of the sporting breeze

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And the waving trees ;
And the pavements sank away unseen.
I dreamed of home—of home, sweet home.
And its sunshine round me fell ;
The wild rose grew,
And the moments flew
On wings of light in my fairy dell.



CHRISTMAS MORN AMONG THE HILLS

Softly the dawn of the Christmas morn
 Winged its way to the old gray tower;
Sweetly the chant of immortal song
 Told of the peaceful worship hour

Soft was the snow on the peaceful hills;
 Soft the heaven that gave it birth;
And soft grew a heart that was cold and
 hard
 Under the gentle "Peace on earth."

Over the mountain the soft light came
 Came with never a whispered word.
Under the cadence of swelling song
 Was it a sob the angels heard?

Only the cry of a single soul,
 Trembling up from the mountainside!
Ah! but it reached the Redeemer's throne,
 Swinging the golden portals wide.

MY LOVER

I lay on the grass in the dear old field,
Where the sweet green grass was
waving,

And covered my eyes with both my hands,
While the breeze my brow was laving,
And I pressed my hands so tightly down
That my eyes were dark and aching;
But a poor white face crept in between,
And my cruel vow was breaking.

I looked at the river — its glancing spray —
But I saw my young lover;
And up in the sky I saw his face,
And down in the fragrant clover.
Then I took my heart and looked within
But the two I could not sever:
I saw his life, his soul, his love,
And I knew I was his forever.

THE SOUND IN THE AIR

Hear, hear!

There's a sound in the air.
Where has it gone?
Why was it there?

Oh, soft!

It is coming again!
Gather it in—
Dream of it then.

Bards sang

Of enchantments of love,
Calling their words
Down from above.

Harps tuned

To the winds and the waves,
Wed to the songs,
Live in their graves.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Brush makes
 A poor canvas that seemed
Throb with a life
 Poets have dreamed.

Yet, oh!
 For the sound in the air!
Would I were strings
 Holding it there!

What? what?
 You beseech in a breath.
Yet I am still,
 Fearing its death.

More, more,
 In your merriment wild,
Laugh, little girl,
 Staying a child!

April 9, 1913

DOWN BY THE SPRING

Down by the clear little trickling spring,
Down where the rushes grew ;
Down where the pebbles were round and
smooth,

Down where the green leaves blew ;
There with the grasses bending down low
Baby was sleeping away her woe.

I found her at eve, when the whippoorwill
Cried through the sighing trees,
And folded her close to my beating heart,
Trying its pain to ease ;
Then, with the breezes blowing farewell,
Homeward I sped through the sweet-
smelling dell.

Brightly a firefly flitted and flashed
Over the winding way ;
Closely I fondled our orphaned babe,
Rueing my tongue that day.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And all the way home the leaves rustled
low :

"Scolding our motherless darling so!"

Down by the clear little trickling spring,
Down where the rushes grow ;
Down where the pebbles are round and
smooth,

Down where the green leaves blow ;
There with the grasses waving above
Baby knows now that she found our love.

May, 1901



ALLITERATION

Oh, sad was my soul as I sat me down
By the side of the sobbing sea,
And the salt tears splashed on the sloping
sands
As the waters wept for me.

And fain would I sleep and think no more
Of the words that were spoken low,
But the land of dreams o'er the broad sea
lay,
Where none but the peaceful go.

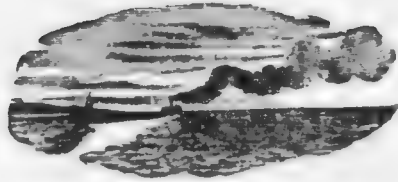
* * * * *
A step on the sand was so swift and still
That I heard not a sound, but knew
There were two soft lips on my throbbing
brow
With "Forgive me—I am true."

* * * * *
Then sweet was the sound of the singing
waves

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

As they washed the shining shore,
And silver the sheen of the springing
spray—
And I slumbered, and sighed no
more.

August, 1899



A MORAL

I walked all day in the shadow ;
 My soul was sick ; and then
I said as the hot tears faltered,
 The sun would not shine again.

The sun came out in the morning—
 It shone down bright and strong ;
And then, as the radiance thrilled me,
 I said it would not be long

Again the darkness descended
 My soul was dark as night
But now, with my eyes turned upward,
 I said : " I will watch for light."

And the light was in and about me ;
 I heard the bluebirds sing ;
I stooped for the breath of violets,
 And knew 't was the dawn of spring.

1891

FRIENDSHIP

I had erred toward the friend who loved
me,
And whom I loved;
Yet I smiled when his eyes turned to me,
And seemed not moved.

Had he known how my heart was bleed-
ing,
His lip had paled
Out of pitying pain, and not that
His love had failed.

But I stood by his side at gloaming,
And told him all;
And I brokenly said our friendship
Was past recall.

Then he smiled as his dear hands clasped
me,

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And whispered free :
" Ah! what were the value of friendship
If that could be ?"

July, 1911



PORE 'ITTLE WOCKIE CHAIR

Pore 'ittle wockie-chair, wif a leg bwoked!
Did oo know it was me 'fore ever I
spoked?

'At gweat big man kicked oo out f'm his
woad,

'N I dess oo feels hurt whur 'e naughty
gwound' goed.

Pore 'ittle wockie-chair! Here is a cwack!
Did oo fink I could wock wifout oo wed
back?

Oo see 'at big waindwop splas' on my
s'oe?

It come f'm my eyes, wot is cwying fur oo.

Oo is my wockie-chair wen oo *is* smassed.
Do oo see all 'e waindwops coming down
fast?

I feels a big lump come up in my swoat,
'N I finks it's fur oo wif oo pwitty wed coat.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Never mind, wockie-chair, here is my
stwap!

'N I'll sit on 'e gwoun' wif my head on
oo lap.

My eyes is so wet 'at now I can't see,
But I feels wif my han's oo is cwying wif
me.

July, 1931



THE MERMAID'S LAMENT

A CHILDHOOD FANCY

The waves rock to and fro—ah, me !
I hear them up through the deep, green
 sea ;

And I know the water 's rough and high
From the dashing spray and low, gray
 sky—

Ah, the world is cold today.
I lie down low in my soft sand bed
With the seaweeds waving over my head,
And turn to the frowning shore,
And—hark ! how the wild waves roar !

Yes, the world is cold today.

Once, long ago, when the sky was fair,
I came to bathe in the shallow there,
And my eyes roved over the white-capped
 waves

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

To where I had heard were the mermaids'
caves,

But that was long ago.

My mother said : " Child, don't go too
far -

The waves will sweep you beyond the bar ! "

But I would not obey, and swam off away,

And could not return. Do you wonder I
say

That was long ago ?

And now the sea, so dark and deep,

Cares not, but laughs, to see me weep.

And I yearn for the world, but cannot go

Because I grieved my mother so.

Alas for that fair, dark day !

Ah, me ! ah, me ! this cruel sea !

And the great sea monsters gliding free !

Alas that I came this way !

March, 1895.

A MESSAGE

*Written at the second request of Rev. John Waite
of London (Eng.), and published in the
Sword and Lamp. Suggested by an address
by Rev. J. T. Dowling.*

'T is a soft night in the summer,
And the scented breezes blow
To a wayworn heart a message,
Wafted from the long ago,
Ringing sweet its golden notes
To a world of mortal woe.

Will you take the sweet-blown message
In its beauty wafted free—
Wafted o'er the rippling waters :
"Jesus died for you and me" ?
Answer, answer, loving, low :
"Jesus, Lord, I trust in Thee."

Will you not? Oh, see Him pleading
As He, waiting, anxious, stands !

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

See Him to a lost creation
Holding out His love-worn hands—
'Hands that will be dyed with crimson
To fulfil the law's demands.

Do you hear the night-wind sobbing
As it fans the fevered brow
Of a Figure meekly kneeling?
All the air is waiting now.
He is praying—let your soul
Low in awful silence bow.

Time has passed. 'Tis but the breathing
Of the spirit's mighty power.
See Him, in His holy beauty,
Meekly, in that dying hour,
Blessing those who late have cursed Him,
While the sternest of them cower.

For they see the black'ning heavens
Frown an anger well they know,
Yet veil soft the heartrent Witness
Of a love forsaken so—
One whose anguish opens heaven
With a piercing cry of woe.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And the earth in terror sickens—
Quakes and groans in mortal pain,
As it vomits forth its buried—
Emblems of the risen Slain.
Yea, it seems the very heavens
In their weakness rend in twain.

So has died the spotless Saviour,
Only innocence within,
With a heart—that matchless heart—
Bruised and broken for your sin.
And He, risen, stands before you,
Saying: "I would enter in."

AS I LIE



TO ESTELLA

Oh, 'Stella ! when they told to me
Your life was slowly fading,
That when the autumn leaves should fall,
The wav'ring sunrays shading,

Your precious soul would soar away
To realms of unknown glory,
My selfish heart was dumb with grief -
I could not bear the story.

But in the night—the soft, still night—
When slumber's folds had bound me,
A dream in all its beauty came
And threw its arms around me.

It showed to me a rushing stream
Above a deep gulf tow'ring ;
Its source was in a garden, where
A single rose was flow'ring.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And on its waters, foaming high,
I saw your white face lying ;
I saw you linger at the brink,
And knew that you were dying.

And in my heart there rose a joy
That covered grief there waking
Oh, not because the stream's wild course
Your father's heart was breaking ;

Nor that, with hot, fast-falling tears,
Your bosom friend and lover
Saw but the lonesome, longing pain,
And not the sun above her ;

But on the other shore, so near,
With arms outstretched and waiting,
Stood one dear form with smiling face,
Mid music undulating.

Then from the mist that hung between
You and the plunging billow
A strong, true arm came forth, and made
Just on the brink a pillow.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And when they said that you were gone
No thrill of fear came o'er me,
But in its vivid loveliness
This scene appeared before me.

Oct. 1897



SONG OF A SHIP

My life is on the grand old sea
Where waves are lightly foaming,
The sporting shadows follow me
As softly comes the gloaming.

With fond caress the dancing spray
Would ever round me hover,
As though I were a winsome maid
And it my smiling lover.

Oh, the sea! the bonny sea!
My life were unavailing
Were it to change to aught but sea
As I go proudly sailing.

I love my life too well, I trow,
Thereon to muse and ponder,
I shudder at the thought, and in
The old sea nestle fonder.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

I breathe into my glist'ning lungs
The west wind's blithesome kisses ;
I quiver in my terror when
The storm king round me hisses.

Yet I was made to master all —
Surmount the tossing billow :
To glide content, or lie at rest,
The sea my downy pillow.

And if, perchance, my native strength
Should fail 'mid tempest's roaring,
Against what heavy odds I must
Again go onward soaring !

Oh, man ! thou art in all thy strength
The Master's wise creation :
Destroy not, by thy puny brain,
The holy, sweet relation.

Let not the mind within thy frame,
Propelling life's rough sailing,
Upon a billow strand thy soul
Mid force's shriek and wailing

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Plow forth ! stay not ! for in thy wake
 May wearied hearts beat lighter !
To whom alone sways not at storm
 The clouded sky shines brighter

1897



ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

Fair Mistress Fay went out one morn,
Her choice pet hens to feed,
But they were gone; not even one
Remained of any breed.

"Alack-aday!" quoth Mistress Fay,
"My hens, where can they be?
They all were here but yester eve
Now one I fail to see.

"Now I bethink me, yester night,
While filling cups for tea,
I spilt—now I remember well
The salt all over me.

"And Granny Gray, who knoweth well,
Doth say 't's an omen true
That ere another day is done
Some ill will come to you.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

"And then—alas! I laughed, and said
'Twas just a saying vain.
Had I but wisely listed then
I would not have this pain.

"For well I know in all around
No fowl are quite so fine;
I might have known that all through them
Would come this ill of mine."

She stood forlorn. Her tearful eyes
Scanned all the barnyard o'er,
Yet failed to see a boyish face
Peep from the haymow door.

"Oh! who could be so mean to me?
In one short week the fair!
And now, as never heretofore,
I'll win no prizes there."

Sly Jack, a handsome neighbor lad,
Crept quickly to her side,
And then, before the tears could dry,
In merry accents cried:

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

"Why, Mistress Fay! out here alone,
And weeping, this bright morn?
Forsooth, I'd better thoughts of thee —
Thou'rt wetting all thy corn!"

"Ay, Master Jack, who wouldn't cry?
My hens have gone astray.
I fear some envious villager
Hath stolen them away."

"What! all the choice and lovely hens?"
Jack's voice bespoke surprise,
Yet one who closely looked could see
The laughter in his eyes.

"Well, then, my lady fair," quoth he,
"If thy surmise be true,
Why, let us search both high and low
Till we've the thieves in lieu."

"Sh-h—hark! I thought I heard the noise
My choicest Dorking makes
When calling for her meal and corn."
A step she barnward takes.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

But no! sly Jack has pulled her back;
He says: "The other way!"
And draws her toward the cornfield near,
Where full an hour they stay

A-searching for the missing fowl
Among the cornstalks tall,
Until once more the maiden hears
The Dorking's hungry call.

" 'Tis from the barn- I know full well!"
She says, at Jack's dissent,
And, 'spite his contradicting words,
Straight to the door she went.

"Oh, Biddy, Biddy! come!" she cried,
As naught appeared to view:
"You know full well the township fair
Awards first prize to you."

Yet Biddy stayed; and, blind with tears,
Fay stumbled through the door,
And dropped the corn; it scattered down
The cracks which lined the floor.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Then what a bedlam thrived below!
"Cluck, cluck!" the Dorking said,
And Fay looked up at laughing Jack,
Who, half ashamed, and red,

Told how he'd risen while 't was dark
And sawed the board behind them,
Then hid her hens beneath the floor
So he could help her find them.

1895



ONLY A BIRD

A little boy stands, with guilty air,
One hand in a nest in the hawthorne there,
While a little brown thrush hovers wild
 'round the bush,
And the grasses would fain, in that infinite
 hush,

Stop even the noise of their growing.
Oh, fie, little boy, with jacket of blue!
With pretty straw hat and pretty face, too!
Think well of the seed you are sowing!

A dark'ning cloud crosses the face of the
 sun,
Portending a storm ere the day is done,

While the strengthening breeze leaves a
 sigh in the trees,
Then carries the news to the wide, ruffled
 seas,

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

That soon will lash high in their
groaning.
Yet the boy lingers on—he takes all the
rest—
The pretty, smooth eggs from the once-
prided nest—
While even the bees stop their dron-
ing.

The empty home now has no charm for
the bird,
Which starts to fly off as its mate's cry is
heard ;
But a shot from a sling makes nerveless
its wing,
And down to the ground drops the poor
little thing.
Its form on earth's bosom to pilch.
The poplar trees whistle and moan in
their pain
For the innocent bird so ruthlessly slain,
While low bends the weeping willow.

The blowing winds gather the leaves in a
mound

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

All over the thrush that lies on the
ground—

Oh! the furious storm rages wild 'round
the form

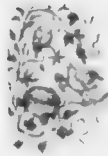
Of the little dead birdling so silent and
warm,

Yet to it is but tenderness wielding.
Blow on, ye wild winds! your raging is
just,

For one of God's creatures lies still in the
dust

Through a little boy's thoughtless
yielding.

September, 1881.



IN A TREETOP

So lightly I swing
 In the highest of trees,
My brow gently fanned
 By the soft western breeze ;

So blithely I sway
 In the apple-tree olden,
Among its gnarled branches
 Spend moments so golden ;

So happy am I
 Up here all alone,
Watching the robins
 That past me have flown,

That I hear not a voice,
 Melodiously sweet,
Calling to me
 In my rude, swaying seat

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

I hear not till Someone
Is touching my heart—
Grant that this Presence
May ne'er from me part!

And voice whispers low,
For hearing but mine:
"Why keep but for thee
These pleasures of thine?"

"Think of it reverently,
Head bending low:
God made the beautiful
Apple-trees grow;

"God made the grass
Beneath here so soft,
The billowy clouds
Now floating aloft;

"God made the waters
Incessantly flowing,
Created the breezes
Now soothingly blowing,

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

"All that you see
On this beautiful earth
By Him was created—
To Him owes its birth.

"Withhold not your thanks
For aught you receive,
By which your kind Father
You needlessly grieve."

And I said from my heart,
From the old apple-tree:
"Nevermore shall my thanks
Be withholden from Thee."

1895

THE SLIPPERY WAY

The following poem was written after the narration of his courtship by Rev. John Waite of London (Eng.), during a visit at Thorold in the spring of 1894. When the reverend gentleman received it he wrote: "I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks and the perspiration stood out on my forehead. Pray, I would let do it again, won't you?"

Once a lad and lassie,
Walking home from church
On a wintry evening,
'Gan to sway and lurch.
Now, the way was shippery,
And what could be the harm?
So "Johnnie," asked the maiden,
"Can't you take my arm?"

Gladly Johnnie acquiesced,
And thought, as he did muse:

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

"I might have walked like this before,
But thought that she'd refuse."
And so he slowly onward walked,
The maiden at his side,
And wished, while he was walking,
That she had been his bride.

The stars, they winked together,
And whispered with a smile:
"Oh, yes, we know that's loving,
But just you wait awhile!"
And so they waited patiently,
These twinklings of a feather,
And saw the two go arm in arm
In every kind of weather.

And at last they were rewarded—
The little stars so bright,
Who made the world some happier,
And shed around their light—
For in just a single year
From the time of that new life
They saw the lad and lassie
Walk home as man and wife.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And now the little twinkling stars
Will have to wait no more,
For there are lots of little Waites
To watch the years roll o'er.
And now, when Mr. Papa Waite
Looks back upon that day,
He thinks: "Oh, what a lucky thing
'T was such a slippery way!"

April, 1894.



THE DUCHESS' FACE

*Written after the passing through Merrit-
ton of the royal train during the
Canadian tour of the then Duke and
Duchess of Cornwall and York, and
dedicated to Miss Josephine Mc-
Arthur.*

We were standing on the platform at the
station, waiting, waiting,
For the train it seemed would never
rumble by,
And my heart was full to bursting of the
thoughts that fain would come
Of the days when to be true was but
to die.

I was standing in the province of the bay
of Massachusetts,
Where my fathers tilled the soil and
loved and wooed :

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

Where they served their king and wor-
shipped, and their souls knew
naught of guile,
And the earth was only fair, and all
was good.

Then the rebels burst upon them, loudly
crying: "Are you for us?
We must have your soldier's skill for
wrongs we bring!"
And the others answered boldly: "While
we yet have strength for breath
We will fight for God and for our
honored king!"

They were seized and thrown in prison—
in that dank and stifling poison
Which alone would kill a man who
loved the sun,
And but one escaped to tell us of the
horrors of the place,
While his brothers languished on till
life was done.

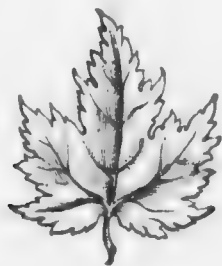
And my heart grew fierce and sullen at
the very thought of living—

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

At the thought of him whose blood
 ran through my veins—
And I felt a very mad thing, held in iron
 bonds of rage,
Till the puffing of an engine burst
 my chains.

And I saw the duke and duchess on the
 hindmost platform standing,
And they waved their white-gloved
 hands as they went by;
And the duchess smiled and nodded, and
 I knew in raptured song
For a face so true and sweet I, too,
 would die.

October 12, 1911



BOLD ROBIN

Bold robin!
Turn away
 From my window pane!
What mean you
Pecking there
 With your twitting vain?

Stop saying
"Lie-abed"
 With your winking eyes!
You know I
Cannot fight
 One of such a size.

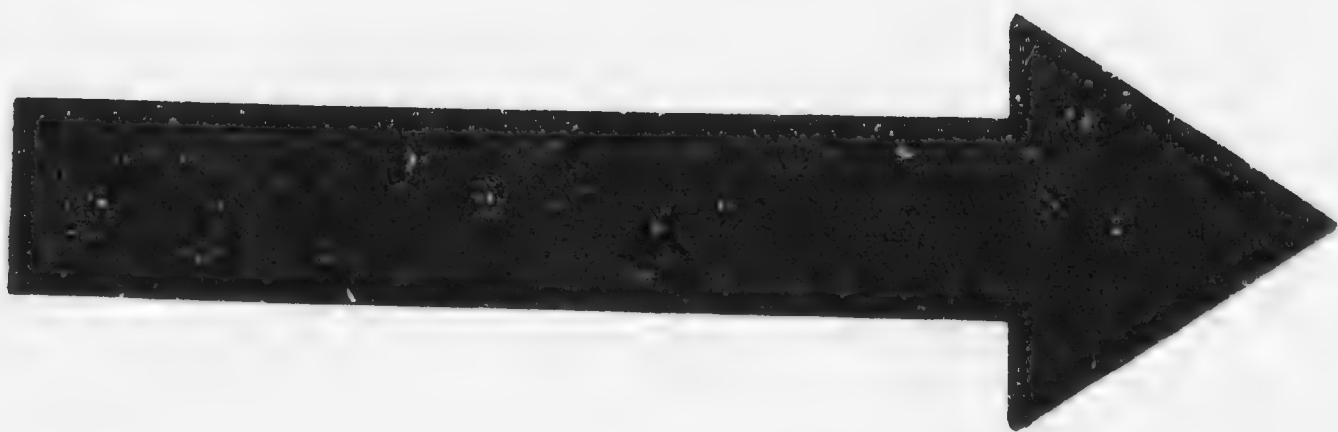
Ho, strutter!
Showing off!
 Perking up your head
So I can
See, I s'pose,
 That your vest is red.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

It's only
Dingy brick—
 And it's hen-pecked, too !
Ho, Robin !
I would hide
 Quick if I were you !

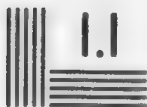
April 14, 1903.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc.

AN AWFUL POME

One morning the kitty came scampering
in—

Oh, dreadfully early—
And jumped right up on the blue and
white bed
Where slept our wee girlie.

He licked her soft palm with his sand-
paper tongue—

“Meow-oo! meow!”
And she opened her eyes with “Oh, dear,
oh!”
But not the least row.

The kitty meowed with a terrible squirm—
Oh—dear—me!

Then the girlie heard cries from the dread-
fullest cat
You ever did see.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

She jumped out of bed in her little white
gown—

The crying was awful!

"Now, kitty," she said, "be good, like a
dear!

We mus' go sof'ful."

Her little pink toes peeped out from her
gown—

"Wow-oo! wow!"

That other old cat made the terriblest
noise—

"Mow-oo! mow!

She ran down the hall with a pit, pat, pat!

Her mamma's door opened.

"Now, kitty, don't squirm like a eel," she
said,

"You'll fall and get brokened."

Her papa came out, and stooping down
said:

"You've a wee brother now."

But all girlie said was with a big gasp

"Oh, *does* he meow?"

March, 1902.

A REMINISCENCE

Fast the night-clouds blew together ;
Cold and rougher grew the wind,
As it screeched and moaned and whistled
In the tall trees' arms entwined.

Trembling skulked the house-dog, whining,
In the shadow from the door,
Which would fain have burst its fastenings
As the wind-waves past it tore.

How the windows shook and rattled !
And I saw, in dire dismay,
I had failed to draw the curtains
Since the waning of the day.

And the dark night pressed so closely
'Gainst the frail and shiv'ring panes
That I ceased the smothered humming
Of Tannhauser's eerie strains,

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

And uprose to shut that gaping,
Hideous blackness from my view—
Ha! what ghastly, fiery terror
Pierced my senses through and
through?

Down the chimney rolled and echoed
Such a hoarse, sepulchral groan,
That it seemed to swell the taunting:
"You are in the house alone!"

On the wild wind belched its anger
Down the chimney's palsied throat,
Choking out its black breath strangely
With a thick, half strangled note.

Glaring gazed that fiery monster
With the burning teeth and eyes,
Joining its attendant furies
In their rasping, fiendish cries.

And I shook in dread foreboding,
Smoth'ring, gasping in my fear,
Shrieking at that piercing visage,
Not the least, nor fell a tear:

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

For I knew those great trees, lashing
In their transports wild of glee,
Were but helping my small brothers
Play their Hallow-e'en on me.

October 18, 1898.





HER PASSION

She heaved a sigh, and her bosom friend
Spoke for her consolation:

"You must be in love—in love, my dear,
To judge by your non-elation."

"I am," she said, and her bosom friend
Listened with breath abated.

"I am—with myself—and my passion fond
Is fully reciprocated."

FIND THE MORAL

A little stream went gurgling by,
A willow drooped its head,
The grass was soft, the slope was smooth,
The boy was hot and red.

He had a basket filled with lunch—
The sun was shining high—
His father, toiling in the field,
Felt dinner time was nigh.

The shady place beneath the tree
Stretched out to take the boy,
The brooklet danced and splashed his feet
With drops of liquid joy.

He set the basket on a stone—
The water 'round it leapt—
Forgive the lad!—then flung himself
Upon the slope and slept.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

The little fishes gathered 'round
The stone that held the food,
And wondered how they'd get it off
Without appearing rude.

They opened wide their hungry mouths—
The basket was a dream!
A merry breeze came prancing by
And tipped it in the stream.

The little fishes ate the bread,
The meat, the cake, the jam,
Then wiped their cool, expansive lips.
And said they'd give a dam

If they could make a haul like that
Whenever they came by—
A righteous squirrel snapped a twig
And hit one in the eye.

And then—dear me! the fishes all
Went skiting down the brook—
They scaled the rocks, they skimmed the
holes
Without a second look.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

The father, ploughing far below,
His teeth on air did crunch—
Then spread a net across the stream,
And—oh! the fish were lunch.



TWO PROVERBS

WHICH IS FOR YOU?

The dawn was breaking o'er the earth
When a mother robin smoothed her
breast.

Her little robins opened wide
Their mouths within the crowded
nest.

The mother winked her round bright eye,
"It's 'the early bird,' you know," she
said,

And darted off to catch her prey
As soon as it crawled out of bed.

A mother angleworm awoke—
She was fat and soft and pink and
round.

Her little baby angleworms
Were sleeping by her in the ground.

A GLIMPSE INTO MY GARDEN

She rolled upon her other side,
And said in drowsy accents slow:
"We'll slumber on, my little dears—
It's the early worm gets caught, you
know."



